



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 25 Oct. 1961



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THIS CHRISTMAS...



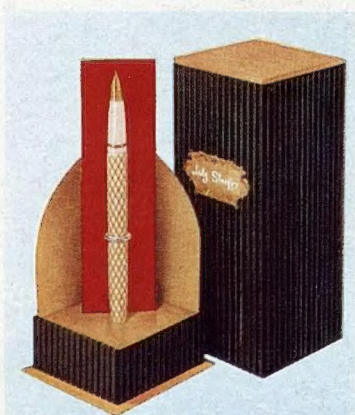
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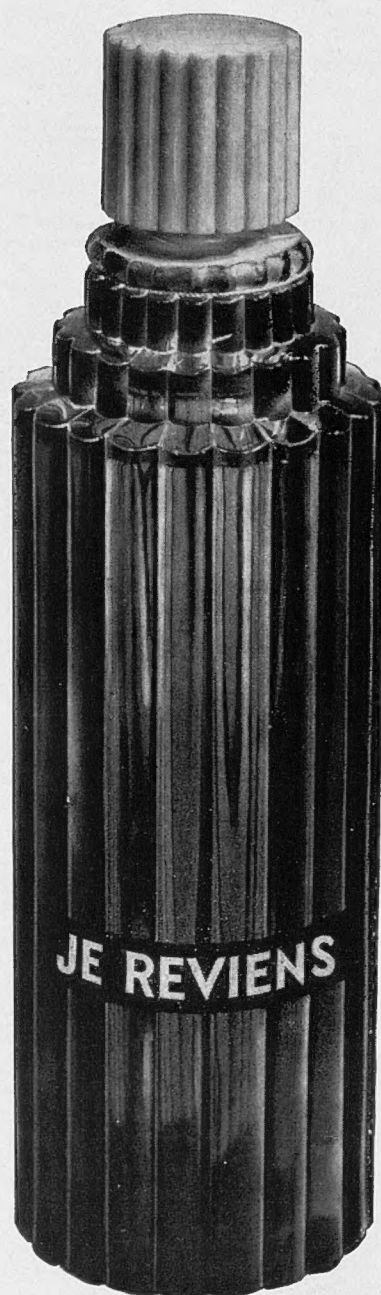
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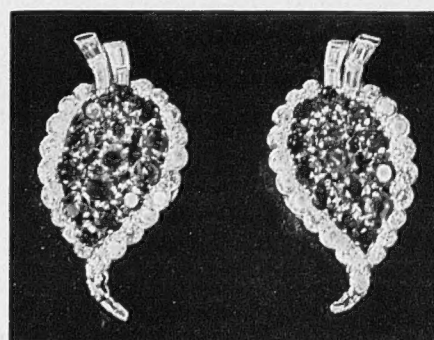
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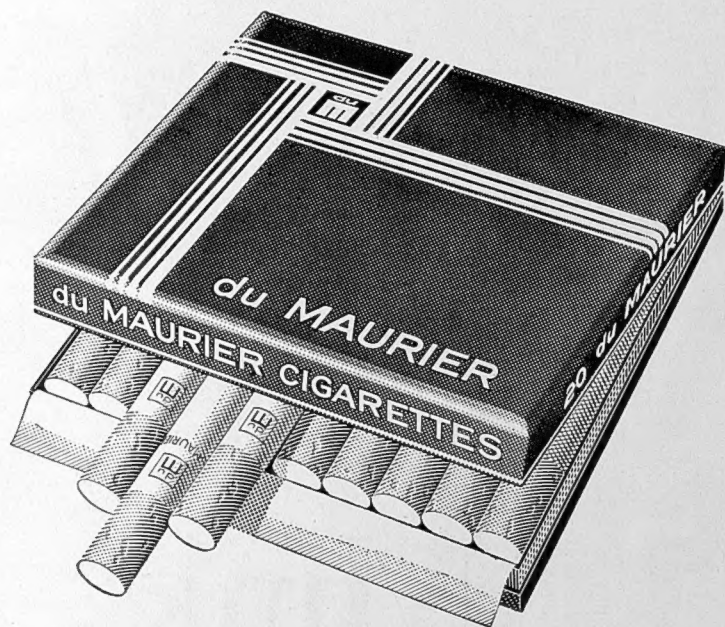
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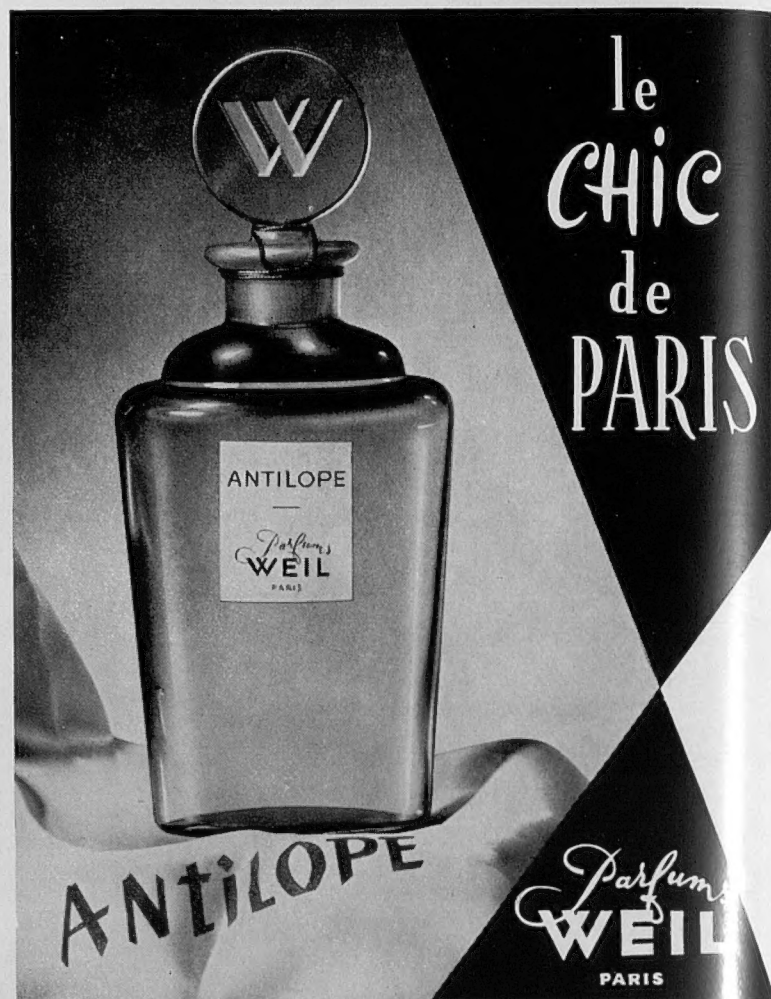
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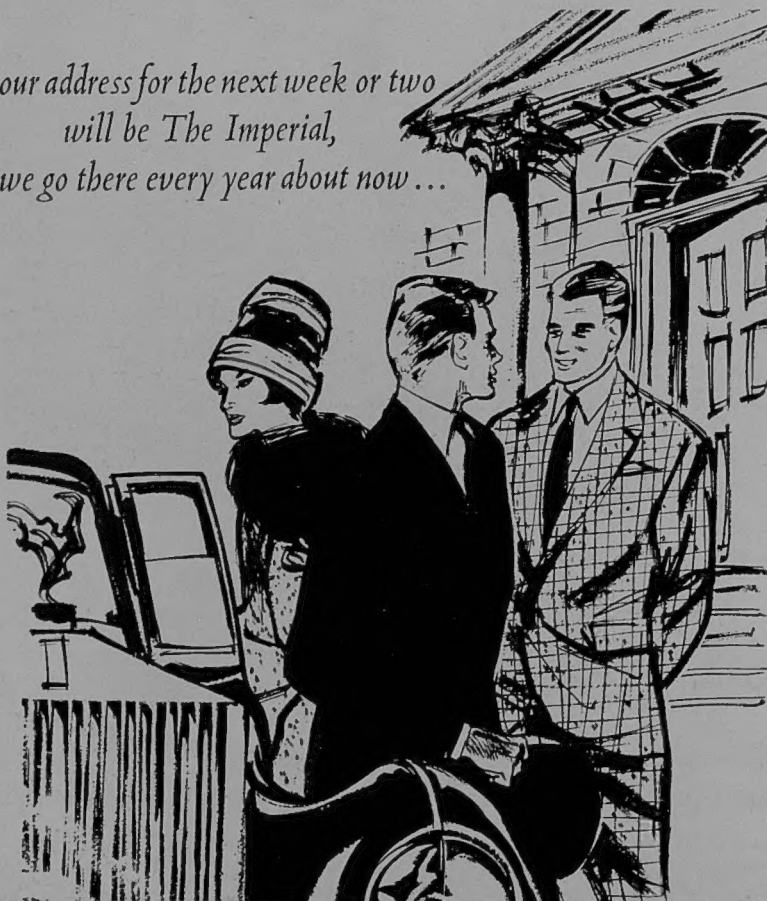
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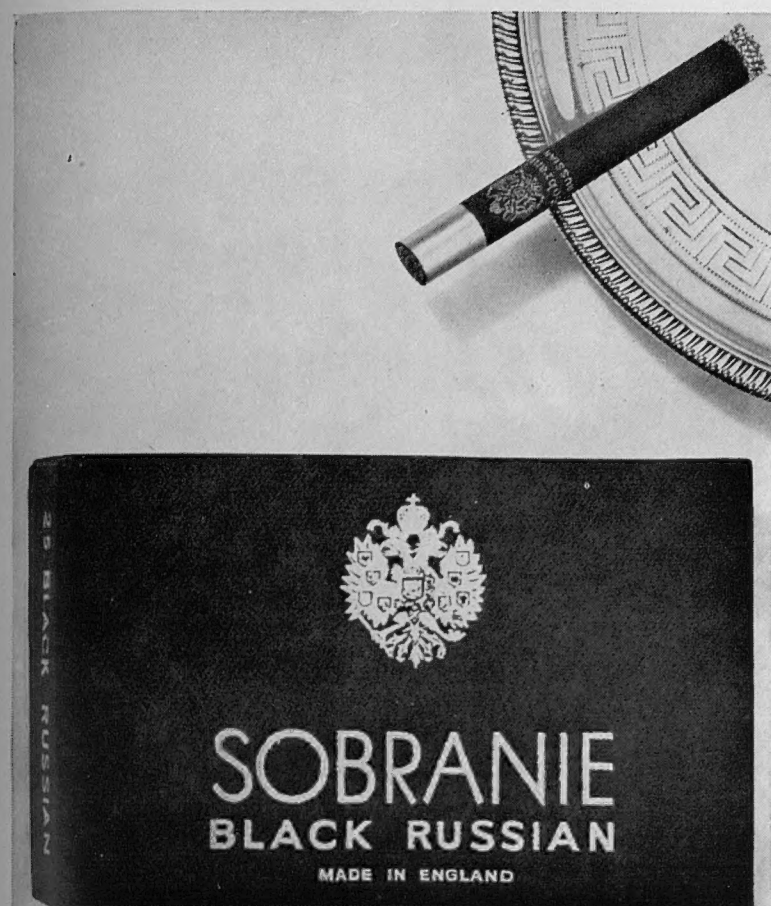
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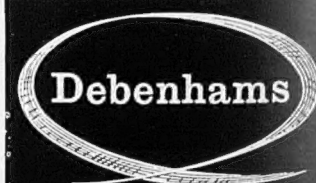
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THE Tatler

AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

25 OCTOBER 1961

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Fashion kicks off with a bright new thought on page 285 with Clothes for the dog you lead. Which is why a pug gets the glossy treatment in John Cole's cover picture. Clothes for leading this one include an EMBA Jasmine white mink coat lined with blue silk from Bradleys (see also page 288). The diamond tiara is from Richard Ogden, the wig by Xavier and the hatbox one of Peter Shepherd's at Woollands. All other jewellery from Harrods

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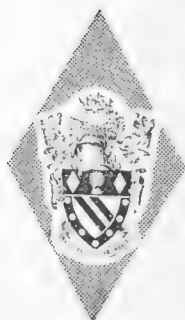
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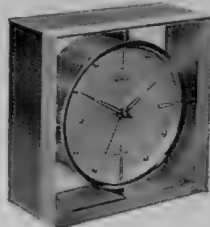
"Elite" 3½" x 3½"
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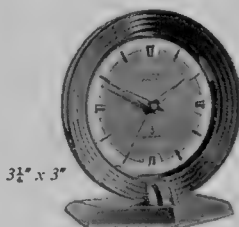
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after morning . . . AUTOMATICALLY !



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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

International Jewellery Exhibition, Goldsmiths' Hall. Today until 2 December.

Trafalgar Fair, in aid of the British Sailors' Society, Londonderry House, 26 October.

Michaelmas Ball, Wentworth Club, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., 27 October. (Tickets £2 2s., inc. light buffet & breakfast, from Mrs. John Fleming, Hazelbury, Ascot.)

Hallowe'en Ball, the Dorchester, 31 October. In aid of the National Children Adoption Association. (Tickets £2 15s., inc. dinner, from the Ball Secretary, 71 Knightsbridge, S.W.1.)

South Dorset Hunt Ball, Carre House, Dorchester, 27 October.

W. Surrey & Horsell Beagles Ball, at the St. George's Hill Tennis Club, Weybridge, 27 October.

West Kent Hunter Trials, Kemsing, near Sevenoaks, 28 October.

Mansion House Bridge Tournament, in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust, 1 November.

Dress Show by Estrava, at 12 Southwick Place, W.2, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., 6.30 p.m., 1 November. (Tickets, 25s., from Mrs. Vincent Budge, GER 2774.)

Ladies' Kennel Association Championship, Olympia, 2 November.

Autumn Ball & Cabaret for Mentally Handicapped Children, Savoy, 3 November.

Lord's Taverners Ball, Grosvenor House, 8 November. (Mr. Rayfield, MAY 0788.)

500 Ball at Claridge's, in aid of the British Rheumatism Association, 9 November. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from the Hon. Organizer, 11 Beaumont St., W.1. WEL 9905.)

Flying Angel Fair, in aid of Missions to Seamen, Londonderry House, 11 a.m. 16 November.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Kempton Park, 25, 26; Newmarket, 27, 28 (Cambridgeshire 28); Stockton, 28, Birmingham, 30 October. **Steeplechasing**: Scone, today; Ludlow, today & 26; Chepstow, Kelso, Towcester, Woore, 28; Plumpton, 30 October.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden; *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird*, tonight; *La Fil Mal Gardée*, 26 October; *Petrushka*, *Diversions*, *Daphnis & Chloe*, 27, 30 October, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Der Freischütz*, 28, 31 October. 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Nightingale*, and *Oedipus Rex*, tonight; *Rigoletto*, 26, 31 October; *Tosca*, 27 October, 1 November. 7.30 p.m.; *Carmen*, 28 October, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Epstein Memorial Exhibition, Tate Gallery, 3 November, 7 December.

WINTER SPORTS

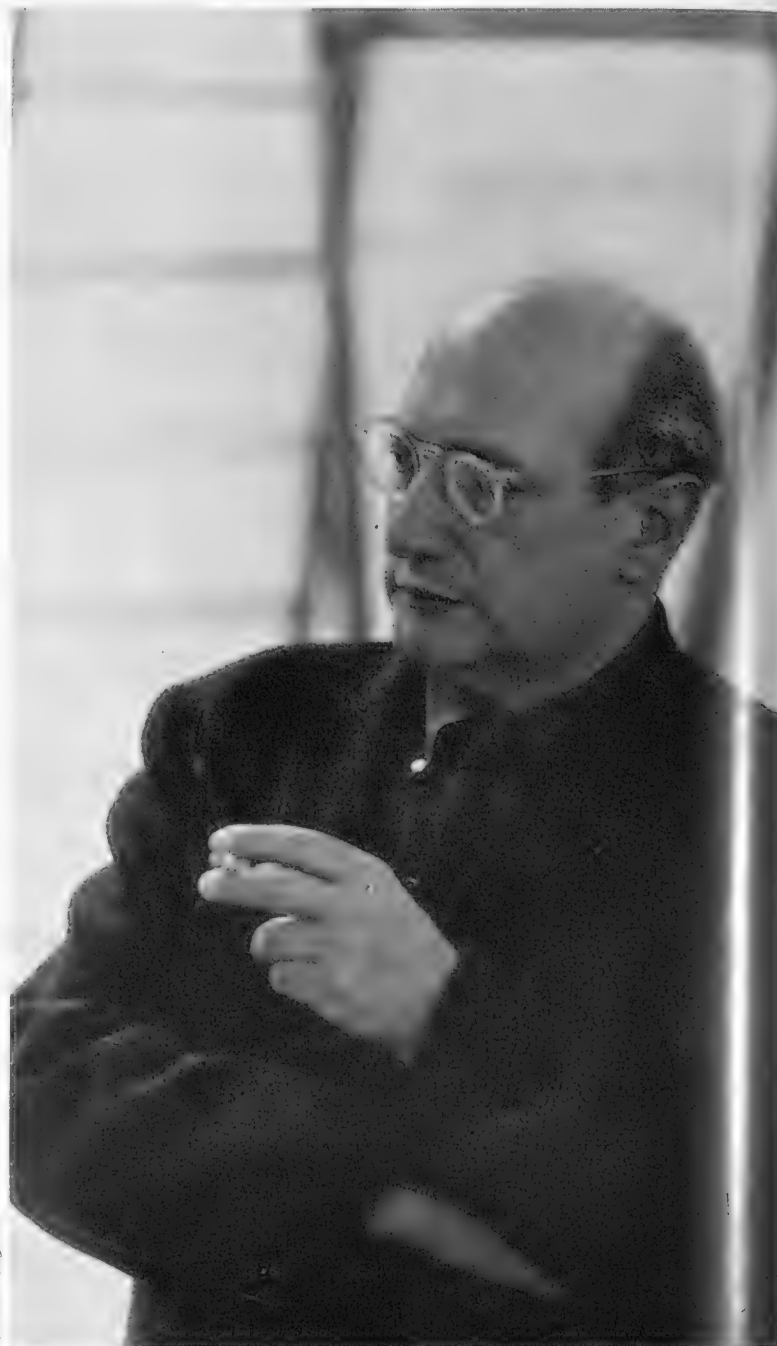
Lillywhites Ski Week: 28 October - 4 November. Special clothes and equipment, expert advice, film shows. (Inquiries, Miss N. D. Wheeler, WHM 3181.)

FIRST NIGHT

Old Vic. *The Oresteia*, 7 November.

AUTUMN VISITOR 1: Mark Rothko came over here from the U.S. for the opening at the Whitechapel Gallery of his current exhibition, representing 15 years' work. Rothko,

whose severe monumental style has influenced many young British painters, was born in Latvia in 1903 and emigrated to America at the age of 10. The show ends 7 Nov.



Romano Cagnoni

BRIGGS by Graham





AUTUMN VISITOR II: Igor Stravinsky will be at the Royal Festival Hall on 29 October conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, and the boys of the Polyphonica Schola, in his work *Persephone*, founded on a three-act play by André Gide



John Baker White

Lone diner gets the chop

RATHER TOO MANY RESTAURANTS IN THESE DAYS OF QUICK SUCCESS are tending to hand out rough treatment to lone diners. Recently I went to a small restaurant in Kensington to write about it, to be told that there was no room. With four empty tables before my eyes I left unbelieving. In another and larger establishment near Piccadilly I was given the worst table in the room, and the waiter couldn't even bother to say "good-night." This, surely, is bad policy. Success comes and goes, and, who knows, the lone diner, if he likes the place, may come back with a party.

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Maurer's, 9 Greek Street. (GER 4659.) When I was there last the counter was a bower of flowers, brought by Madame's many friends, for this year is the 50th anniversary of this very small restaurant, one-time butcher's shop, and still proud of the title of *Charcuterie Alsacienne*. So far as I know, it is the only real Alsatian cooking in London, and Madame Maurer is her own cook. You can eat well for under 17s. 6d. and do not miss her *terriner*. Do not expect any frills; it is the food that matters. W.B.

Buckingham Flame Room, 62 Petty France, S.W.1. (ABB 3886.) This small, comfortable restaurant with its Edwardian style red banquettes, is to be found behind a public house saloon bar—but don't

expect saloon bar prices. The minimum charge for an *à la carte* meal is 17s. 6d., but the fixed and entirely adequate three-course luncheon is a bit cheaper. The meat is of the highest quality, with grills and joints the specialities. The wine list is large and contains many château-bottled wines. None of them is cheap. It is, in fact, a small high-quality restaurant in an unexpected place. Contiguous to Wellington Barracks and the Passport Office.

Wine note

The *rosé* wines of Provence are very pleasant, but several of them are too dear. One that is not is a Bouquet de Provence from Vidauban in the Var. It costs only 9s. at Fields in Sloane Avenue.

... and a reminder

Connaught Hotel grillroom. (GRO 7070.) *Fine cooking, including traditional English dishes.*

Ariel Hotel, London Airport. *First-rate, with a pleasant restaurant on the Grill & Cheese pattern.* (SKY 2552.)

Twinings Coffee House, 216 Strand. *Coffee, six kinds of tea and cakes, and a pleasant place to eat them.*

The Playbill, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) *Closed Mondays, otherwise 7 p.m.-midnight. Original cooking.*

Antoinettes, 40 Charlotte Street. *Open Sundays, closed Saturdays.* (MUS 2817.) *One of the Wheeler estab-*

lishments, and up to their usual standard.

Hatchetts, Piccadilly. (HYD 0217.) *Recently re-opened as Overton's third establishment. The Guards Bar is something extra special.*

La Surprise, 13/14 Knightsbridge Green. C.S. (KEN 0509.) *Unusual. French, good cooking and a fine wine list.*

Great Northern Hotel, King's Cross Station. *Open Sundays. Should your trains compel you to stay in this part of London this is a good place to go.*

Luigi's. *On the corner of Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street. Small, modest, Italian and good cooking.*



Douglas Sutherland

Verrey's gets bigger

NEWS THAT VERREY'S THE REGENT STREET RESTAURANT—NEAR THE corner of Hanover Street—is to open a new extension draws attention to one of the most remarkable eating places in London. Probably few of the many thousands who hurry daily past its unassuming doors know of its historic associations. During the 19th century it vied with the Café Royal as a meeting place for the great. Disraeli used it regularly; so did Dickens, Ruskin, Irving and a host of others, while Edward VII, that great patron of good eating and drinking, made it a favourite haunt when he was Prince of Wales. Verrey's was founded as long ago as 1821 by a Swiss confectioner, Emile Verrey from Lausanne. He brought with him exceptional skill as a confectioner. He also brought his daughter Fanny. So beguiling were the young girl's looks that she literally "stopped the traffic" in Regent Street. A mob of women, maddened with jealousy by her success, besieged her father's restaurant just as George the Fourth's carriage was passing up Regent Street. It is the sort of story which should have a fairy tale ending with her marriage to a handsome Prince. Alas, for the cruel truth! She was arrested for causing an obstruction and her father was ordered to send her back to Switzerland on the next boat. Poor Fanny, however, never made the journey. Overcome by the harshness of her reception, she pined away, and died within a week. The restaurant however continued to prosper.

It is an odd twist that the present owner of Verrey's, Louis Monnickendam, is himself one of the famous sons of Izac Monnickendam who came to this country from Holland during the last century to win fame as a Continental confectioner and baker. Louis' brother Maurice is, of course, the proprietor of that other famous restaurant Kettner's, so beloved by the Edwardians and still preserving the high traditions which made it famous.

To have a meal with Louis Monnickendam at Verrey's is an experience from which few of the young men-about-town of today would not benefit, for there are few great restaurateurs left in London and he is one of them. His knowledge of food and wine is compendious and his taste impeccable. Both as chairman of the Restaurants Committee of the British Hotel & Restaurant Association, and as a restaurateur, he finds much to deplore in catering trends—or perhaps not so much in catering as in the lack of public appreciation of good food and wine. Few restaurants, he tells me, now bother to cut their own meat. Still fewer are prepared to pay the price for really fresh fish or to compete in the early morning markets for the finest fresh vegetables. But then, he adds sadly, the eating-out public of today are inured to frozen foods and butcher-cut steaks.

Personally I do not take such a gloomy view and the success of restaurants like Verrey's tends to support my contention that there will always be room at the top for the really good. Prices cannot compete with the soulless catering of the "popular" type of eating places, but I do not think they are unreasonable. At Verrey's you can eat with Edwardian splendour at around 30s. a head, and the wine list is one of the best in London. You can be sure that whether you choose one of the inexpensive carafe wines or indulge in some of the really great wines at the other end of the price scale, you will be getting value for money.

Incidentally the restaurant manager at Verrey's is Sydney Krost. His many friends will be glad to know he is now back in London. I anticipate that the new extension, which gives almost twice the previous seating accommodation downstairs, will be fully justified by the support Verrey's will continue to receive from London's more discriminating diners-out.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Big spectacular floor show Extravaganza employs the largest number of showgirls in town, plus the comedy of George and Bert Bernard and other acts.*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *The Max Wall*

Show with dancers and singers.
Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Clifford Stanton, impressionist.*

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *The Good Old Fashioned Days—new show with Danny la Rue.*



Peter Clark Photo

Magnificence in natural Canadian wild mink by





Doone Beal

The Algarve explored

THE ALGARVE, KNOWN ONLY TO A HANDFUL—BUT A DEVOTED HANDFUL—of British visitors, is one of the least known areas of what, I begin to think, is now about the least exploited country left in Europe. The devotees of this soft southern coast, where even the Atlantic warms up once past the corner of Cape St. Vincent, have for years paid it the compliment of putting up in guest houses and small second-class hotels, just to be there. There are now two new and excellent first-class hotels, one at either end of the coast; the Pousada do Infante at Sagres, on Cape St. Vincent, and the Vasco da Gama at Monte Gordo, last village before the Guadiana river that marks the frontier with Spain. Between them lies some 100-odd miles of coast laced with huge tidal beaches and little towns, white, shabby and unpaved, salty with fish scales and fishing smacks drawn up on the beach. An odd formality is the dress—nearly all the men wear hats, and the women, gliding past the bougainvillea hedges on their mules, are swathed from head to foot in black, holding aloft a large black City type umbrella against the sun.

Starting in the south-western corner—the extremity of Europe in fact—the country around Sagres is barren, sometimes beautiful, always windy. Even the tough little fig trees are nearly blown flat. It was here, atop the carved-out cliffs with seas seething and sucking at the rocks below, that Prince Henry the Navigator lived, dreamed and planned with his mariners the sea routes that would one day lead to India, and where he built his School of Navigation. In mythology it was also the Sacred Cape to which the gods came at night to rest from their journeyings. Not to be too Philistine, that is about what it represents to most visitors today—the hotel is most comfortable and the beach is good, but one would want to press farther along the coast, to the olive terraces and vineyards where flowers bloom in the hedges and you feel well and truly in the South.

Of all the coastal villages, Praia da Rocha is the only one which, at the moment, bears the name of resort. Its huge beach is studded with extraordinary rock formations and sheltered by a coronet of cliffs. There are three simple beach cafés in which one may assuage a craving for fried sardines (more of that later), one good hotel, the Bella Vista, and an admirable little pension, the Pensao Sol, where you can live for just over £1 1s. a day, including wine with your food. Huge straw-covered demijohns stand beside each table, and the proprietor, Senhor Gomes, has recently enlarged his dining room to accommodate the number of locals who also like to eat there—a significant point. The only diversions are a casino (but alas, not for gambling), and a pleasant open-air café on the ramparts, where one can dance.

I rather preferred Albufeira, just along the coast. So far, the only accommodation there has been flats to rent, but a hotel, half-built and expected to open next summer, should be the answer to a lot of people's prayers. With an equally good, if not better, beach than Praia da Rocha and some tiny coves that you can walk to over the rocks, this is an enchanting little fishing village and one of great character, all white twisting alleyways and flights of steps and balconies trailing with blue clematis; tall, decorated chimneys, fretted and chiselled like lace—for sheer prettiness, these Portuguese houses of the south are unmatched.

A good coast road runs the whole way from Sagres to Monte Gordo, with small side turnings to the beaches. Towns worth stopping in include Faro, for a superb old square through an archway and up a hill just behind the port; Olhao, a *really* fishy fishing port; and Tavira, one of the prettiest of the towns, whose exquisite old white houses, many of which must have belonged to quite rich merchants in the days when Tavira mattered commercially, line either side of a placid little river. But there is nowhere else to stay until Monte Gordo itself. The Vasco da



The fishing port of Olhao.
Below: Coast at Praia da Rocha



Gama hotel, many of whose staff have come from the Palace at Estoril, is beautifully run. It has a swimming pool, night club, hairdresser and is the first serious bid to turn this coast into a Riviera. It was with the kindly manager there that I had a discussion about those fresh sardines. Staple diet of Portuguese fishermen, and one of the best foods Portugal produces, they are not considered fit food for first-class hotel patrons! Do I have any supporters?

Some of the most magnificent country is inland, in the sierras that shelter this coast. A spectacular road is that from Saboia down to Portimao (a secondary route from Lisbon). It is a landscape of vineyards and gorges and streams and a huge perspective of wooded, pointed hills that reminded me of Tuscany. Stop for a meal at Monchique, an erstwhile watering place with old houses shaded by chestnut trees, clustering around a stream. Then a few miles into the hills behind Faro is St. Braz de Alportel, with a good Pousada and another splendid view.

Though rail communications between Lisbon and the south are good, it is quite obvious that a car is better. Algarve is almost equidistant—within a couple of hours—from Lisbon and Gibraltar, which is some six hours' drive from Monte Gordo, via Seville. BEA's night flight of £30 10s. (with Vanguards on the route from 1 November) is a big saving—actually £28—on the fare to Lisbon, and car hire in Gibraltar is cheaper. It would be quite practicable to motor along the south coast and up to Lisbon, then cross-country via Estremoz to the Spanish frontier at Badajoz and down to Gibraltar via Seville and Cadiz from there. As to timing—one of the best seasons for Algarve is early February, with the almond blossom. Sunbathing, they say, is a year-round pastime, and even in January you can reasonably expect to swim.

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THE TATLER
25 OCTOBER
1961

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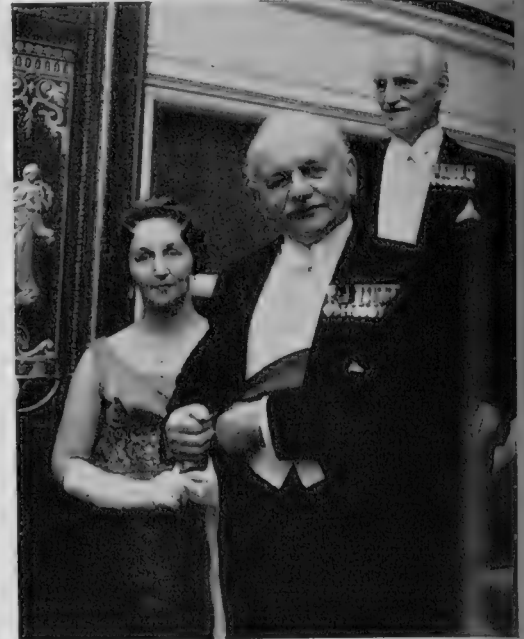
FESTIVAL AT LEEDS



The Earl of Harewood, director of the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival, with the Countess and Mr. Norman Hope, the festival's assistant administrator, waits to receive guests for the triple bill—ballet, opera and drama—presented at the city's Grand Theatre. For the Earl the festival was a personal success that followed close on the heels of his first sparkling season as director of the Edinburgh Festival. Muriel Bowen sets the scene overleaf with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Kenneth Hargreaves, the Earl of Scarbrough and Brig. Kenneth Hargreaves



MURIEL BOWEN reports

FESTIVALS HAVE BEEN QUIETLY AND UNOBTUSIVELY pushing themselves up the ladder. So it was no surprise to arrive at King's Cross last week to find **Sir Francis Rundall**, Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, and a top-hatted stationmaster seeing off a carriageful of ambassadors and diplomatic notables to the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival. Leeds has been in the festival business for more than 100 years now. But to a public awakening to festivals it is something quite new. "We've been to Hereford, Bath and Edinburgh for years," a woman beside me in the stalls at Leeds Grand Theatre told me that night. "But

AT LEEDS CIVIC CENTRE: *The Princess Royal & the Lord Mayor of Leeds, Ald. P. A. Woodward, welcome the Polish Ambassador, Dr. W. Rogzinski, after the concert at the Grand Theatre*

we particularly wanted to come here this year because, you know, *this* festival was started by Lord Harewood."

The **Earl of Harewood** has packed in the public at festivals as successfully as Prince Philip has brought them to polo. And it is above everything else a tribute to his festivalship that some people should think he created such a time-honoured institution as the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival. Leeds does its festivals and the social functions which surround it pretty grandly. For the ambassadors' visit there was the triple bill at the Grand Theatre with the **Princess Royal** occupying the

Royal box. She wore the very handsome and shimmering cloth of gold full-length gown she had for Princess Margaret's wedding, and a diamond fringe tiara. Afterwards the Princess joined about 200 guests of the Lord Mayor, **Alderman P. A. Woodward**, & Mrs. Woodward at dinner in the Civic Hall.

The triple bill was a threesome of ballet, opera and drama; all beautifully done. The ballet was slightly *avant garde* to the ordinary theatregoer. But as Lord Harewood said afterwards: "A festival should give us the unexpected and the unfamiliar, something to excite us and wake us up." He certainly brings



AT A LEEDS FACTORY: *Mr. John Bell of Waddington's with Baroness van der Feltz*



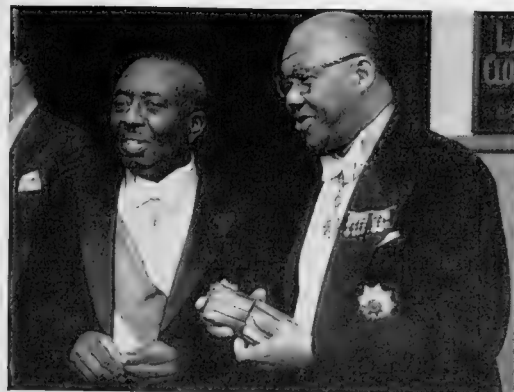
Mr. Norman Watson, chairman of Waddington's, and Mr. Mahmoud Abdi Arraleh



The High Commissioner for Pakistan, Lt.-Gen. Mohammed Yousuf, with Mr. Alan Beaumont



Above: Miss Lina Lalandi and Dr. M. Petrovitch. Right: The Thailand Ambassador, Mr. Mom Luang Peekdhip Malakul, & Mme. Malakul in their box



Above: The Haiti Ambassador, M. Colbert Bonhomme, and the Liberian Ambassador, Mr. George Tilman Brewer. Right: Lady Bowden and Mr. J. M. Lawton



a lively mind to work on festival ingredients and both in Edinburgh in August and in Leeds last week success, everybody agreed, was greater than ever. Lord Harewood believes that a festival should be more ambitious than producing a succession of favourites heard throughout the year. That he should successfully carry out these ideas which are so notably in advance of public opinion is indeed a triumph. Especially as being director general of a festival means, I suspect, having to suffer more than one's share of cranks and gratuitous advice.

The Civic Hall with its twin spires and all floodlit was a welcoming sight after the per-

formance, and the Earl of Scarbrough, Mr. Jack Lyons, the festival chairman, Brig. & Mrs. Kenneth Hargreaves, the French Ambassador, M. Jean Chauvel, & Mme. Chauvel were soon enveloped within its portals. Dinner was in a vast oak-lined room with a fountain that cascaded in various shades of green. After dinner I chatted to Sir Linton Andrews, whose book on editing is to be published by the Oxford University Press at Christmas. Last year at 74 he "retired," and he told me that he is managing to have the happy retirement he looked forward to—he goes to the office every day. "Come to think of it I'm

the only director who goes every day," he told me.

Also at the dinner: The Earl & Countess of Harewood, she in her favourite evening colour, vivid red. Baron van der Feltz of the Netherlands Embassy & Baroness van der Feltz, Mr. & Mrs. John Beaumont, Col. & Mrs. G. H. Kitson, Mr. & Mrs. William Pitts, and Mr. & Mrs. Neville Ussher. A visit to Leeds for the ambassadors would indeed have been one-sided if it had not included a tour of one of the numerous factories for which this part of Yorkshire is world famous. So prior to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 256



The Moroccan Ambassador & his wife, Prince & Princess Moulay Hassan ben El Mehdi



The High Commissioner for Malaya, Tunku Yaacob Ibni Al-Marhum

Guests were received on the staircase, and went on down to dance in the ballroom

Mr. Joe Goodhart and Lady Masham



THE NIGHT OF THE GRAHAMS



Miss Roseanna Foster & the Hon. J. Dewar



Miss Odile Gommès and Lady Luce

Double-occasion dance at Norton Conyers, Sir Richard Graham's house near Ripon, celebrated the 21st birthday of his son, James, and the coming out of his niece Caroline, 17-year-old daughter of Major Alastair Graham

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mrs. L. Brook Holliday, Mrs. James Ramsden and Miss Sue Milbank



Miss Susan Townsend, Mr. Paul Purnell and Miss Veronica Staveley



Mr. Nicholas Huntington and Miss Yzobelle Fyfe

Joint hosts: Lady Graham and Sir Richard Graham, Bt., with their son Mr. James Graham



Joint hosts: Major Alastair Graham and Mrs. Graham, with their daughter Miss Caroline Graham



A steel band played in the ballroom



MISS YORK FROM YORKSHIRE

Miss Louise York from Long Marston was married to Mr. John Seymour of Harlow at St. Luke's, Chelsea

Back row: Mr. Roger Seymour, Mrs. York, the bride & groom, Mr. Kenneth Combe and Mr. Christopher York. Seated: Mrs. Roger Seymour and the Duchess of Kent. The children: Charles Seymour, Margaret Pollen, Alistair Morrison, Louise Jepson-Turner, Lady Evelyn-Rose Phipps, Lord Justin Phipps, Lucinda Prior-Palmer and Luke Ponsonby



The going away: in the foreground, Mrs. Christopher York, the bride's mother, with the Marchioness of Milford Haven. The Marquess is on the left at the back



Muriel Bowen *continued*

festival they were shown over the premises of John Waddington, Ltd., by Mr. Norman Watson, the firm's chairman. The firm is one of the world's biggest makers of games and Lt.-Gen. Mohammed Yousuf, the Pakistan Ambassador, asked how to play a new game called Risk. A natural enough interest for a general: its aim is to capture the world!

The African envoys looked over the playing cards, and learned with amusement that the cards with 10 Downing Street on the backs don't have much sale beyond the London clubs. "Africa's demand for playing cards has increased over the past few years more than anywhere else," Mr. Beric Watson, the chairman's son, told me. "But America is where virtually all of our newest cards, circular ones, go."

COMING OF AGE AT NORTON CONYERS

While London has been quiet, Yorkshire has been buoyant, bracing and full of beans. Helping to make it that way was the ball given by Lady Graham for the coming of age of her son, James; a joint celebration with her sister-in-

law, Mrs. Alastair Graham, whose daughter Caroline came out this year. (See pictures on page 254.) The ball was at Norton Conyers, historic home near Ripon of Sir Richard Graham—Yorkshire's High Sheriff this year—and Lady Graham. This is supposed to be the house which is referred to as Thornfield in *Jane Eyre*. It was a big Yorkshire occasion with hundreds of people gathering in weekend house parties. Col. Richard & the Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox came with a bevy of their guests, among them Miss Rosemary Peake, the Hon. John Dewar and Miss Marcia Lane Fox. Brig. & Mrs. R. Heathcoat Amory were with her son, Michael, Miss Auriol Mackeson-Sandbach, and the Hon. Lavinia Woodhouse.

Many of the guests were on their way home from Scotland and determined to get every ounce of fun out of what was the last of the big private dances this year. Sleep, clearly, was unimportant. When Jos Atkinson's band finished playing in the hall, a steel band took over in the "night club." But none of the guests could match the success of Mr. Euan Bowie, an Oxford friend of Mr. James Graham, who

Below: *Lady Nuttall, Lady Sarah Jane Hope, Miss Mary York and the Duchess of Kent*



Below: *Mrs. Dermot Musker, Miss Anthea Seymour and Mrs. Leo Seymour*



Miss Faith Wright & Miss Judy Gilmer talking to Mr. & Mrs. James Baker



Lord Justin Phipps



Above: *Sir Nicholas Nuttall. Bt.*

brought his bagpipes to the party. Thanks to his foresight there was a very spirited eightsome.

TALLEST WEDDING OF THE YEAR

In London it was a Yorkshire girl who caught and held the spotlight. She was Miss **Louise York** who married Mr. **John Seymour**, an Essex businessman, at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. She's 19 and the second of the three pretty daughters of Mr. & Mrs. **Christopher York**. It was dubbed "the tallest wedding of the year" as the bride is very tall like her father, just 6 ft., and her groom is two inches taller. He's the son of Mr. & Mrs. **Roger Seymour** of Sakins, near Harlow.

Weddings are always chummy occasions. Few of the guests were enjoying themselves as much as the **Duchess of Kent**, a childhood friend of the bride, who was meeting and catching up on a lot of her old friends. Like the other women of the Kent family she's already noted for her smart clothes and at the wedding she wore a fitted coat of thick, rich velvet. The bride, clever girl, thought of everything. **Lord Justin Phipps**, three-year-old son of the Marquess & Mar-

chioness of Normanby, frankly found being a page a bit of a bore. But things brightened up at the reception where the bride had provided paper hats and coloured whistles for the pages—and nobody got a bigger hat or a better whistle than Lord Justin!

The honeymoon is being spent abroad after which Mr. & Mrs. Seymour will live near Manchester. To tide them over they have taken a furnished cottage.

Speeches at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel must hold the record for brevity. **Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt.**, proposing the health of the bride and groom said: "Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast of the bride and groom." Glasses were raised. Mr. Seymour responded: "Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen, thank you all very much." Very, very loud hurrahs. The guests included: the **Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford**, **Lady Nuttall** (then in the throes of moving house), **Mrs. Archie Seymour**, the groom's grandmother; **Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow** and her granddaughter **Lady Sarah Jane Hope**, and **Miss Faith Wright**.



RETRIEVERS ON TRIAL

Above: Mrs.
B. M. Acheson.
Right: Miss A.
Hill-Wood with her
Labrador. Centre
right: Major
H. T. Morton of
Palgrave Hall
whose shoot was
used for the trials.
Below: Miss Anne
Busuttill



At Palgrave Hall, near Swaffham, Norfolk, the Kennel Club's 42nd open stake trials drew an entry of 24 that included the Queen's Sandringham Ranger



Above: Spectators watching a dog at work in a sugar beet field



Left: Head keeper Mr. H. B. Hendrie calling the guns and handlers into line before beating a fresh shoot. Centre left: Mr. H. A. Saunders, chairman of the Shows Regulations Committee of the Kennel Club, was judging the trials



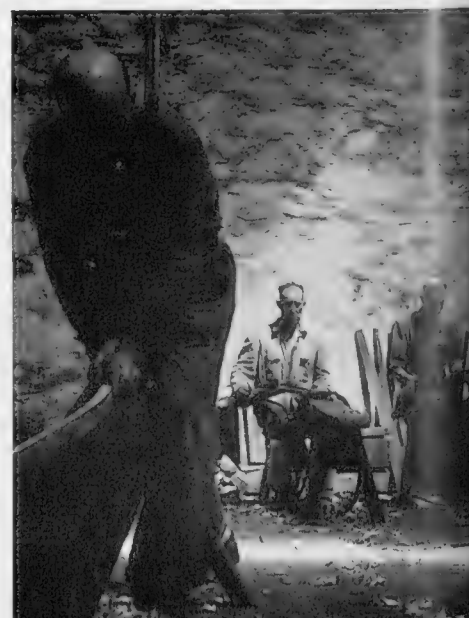
Left: Mr. W. C. Brunt who was handling Lord Rank's Labrador Grattonfield Belle, with Mr. John Forbes, a judge. Centre left: Captain T. L. Lonsdale, who was handling his Labrador Templegraston Scotney Bobbin; Colonel H. J. Cator and Captain W. A. Fellowes



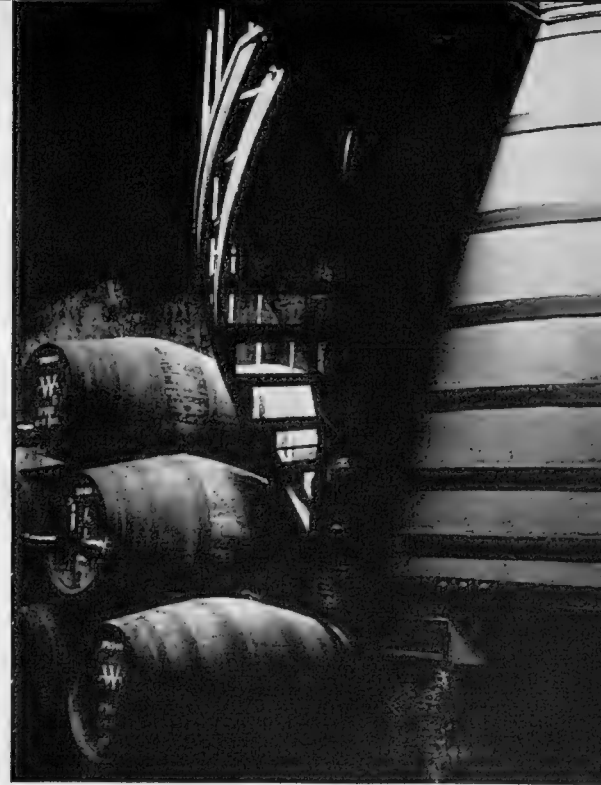
THE OPORTO TRADITION

Port is very much the preserve of the English gentleman—both in its production and its consumption. Roger Hill went to Oporto and the Douro to photograph some of the great English port families and the vineyards, the background to their lives and livelihood

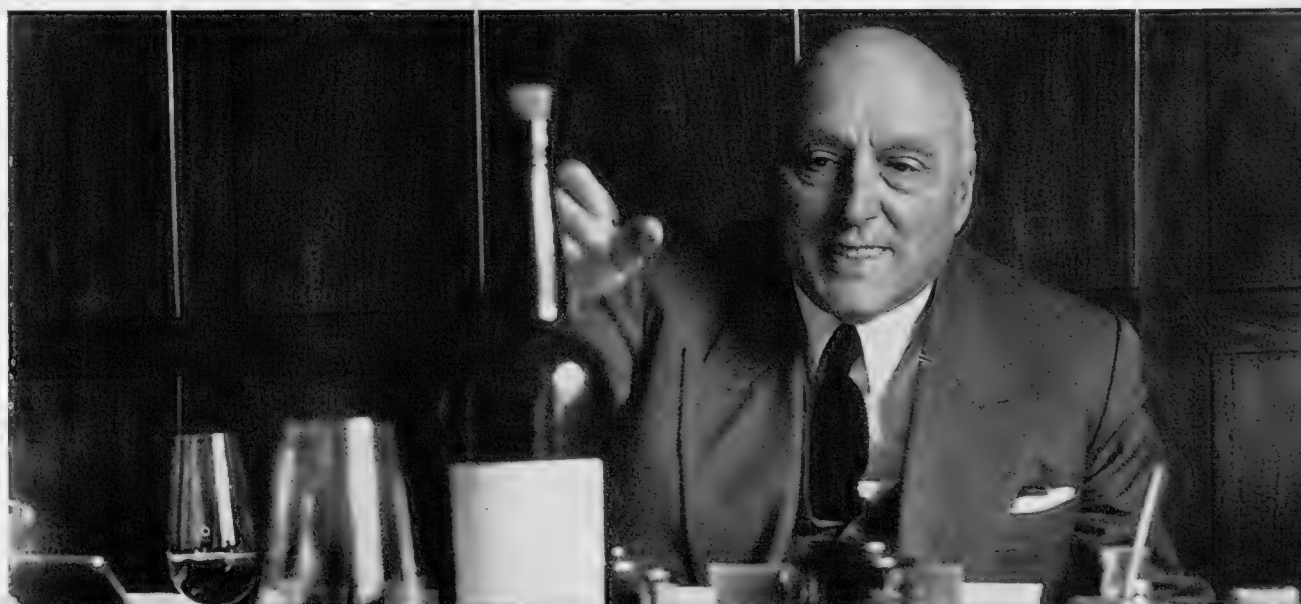
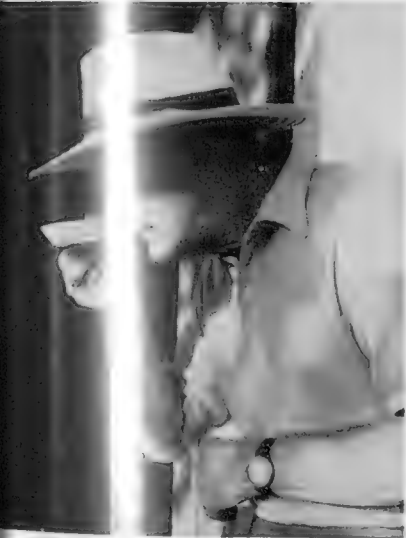
View across the Douro to the vineyards near Pinhao, centre of the port producing district. Above right: Douro farmer old-style. Below right: Coopers at work, the man on the left is shaving a stave with a plane



At dawn the women start picking and the men carry down the baskets; at night there's music



Above: Casks and a vat in the lodges of A. J. Da Silva; port matures more quickly in casks but vats take up less space. Below left: Mr. Ronald Symington of the family who control Silva & Cozens, Ltd., and Warre & Co., samples new wine. Bottom left: Mr. Gwyn Jennings who is in charge of Sandemans at Oporto. Below: Mr. John Delaforce of Delaforce & Co. is head of the Gremio, a Portuguese association of port shippers. Bottom: Mr. Luiz Vasconcelos Porto, head of A. J. Da Silva, is a frequent visitor to England and a traditionalist in port production

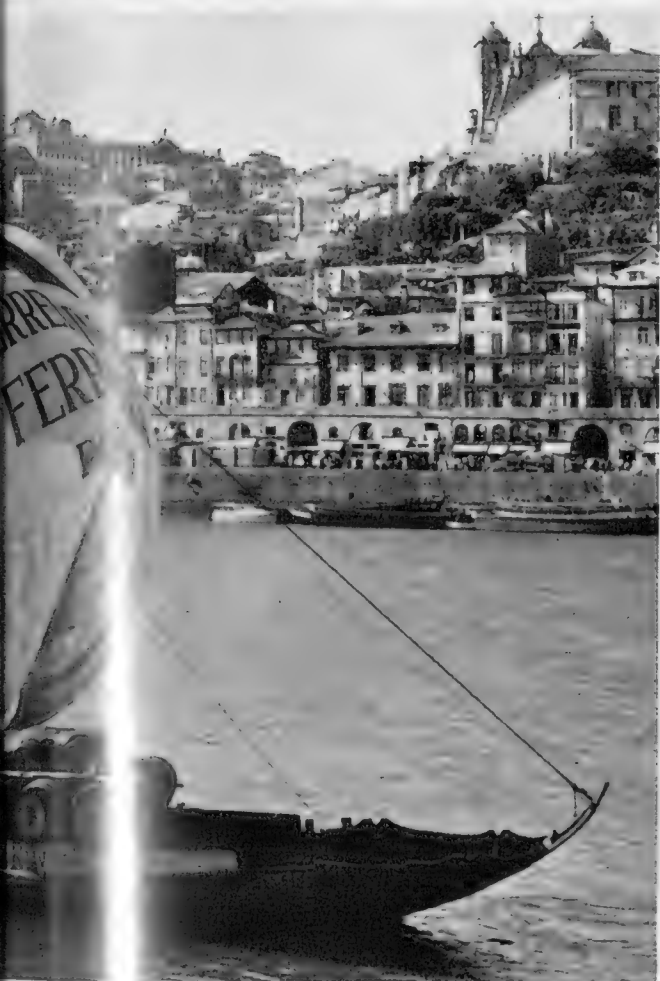




Left: Lunch in the Factory House for members and their guests is an every-Wednesday event. Below: One of the last of the boats that were used to bring the port 40 miles down the Douro to Oporto. The wine now travels by train and the boat is a tourist attraction. Right: Social event in the Oporto community was the wedding of Miss Angela Delaforce and Mr. Simon Cook. The reception was held in the Factory House (equivalent of the shippers' livery hall), a privilege reserved for children of members—no difficulty here, there have been six generations of Delaforces in Oporto



From left: (alongside) Mr. Fernando de Almeida, chief taster for the Portuguese firm of A. A. Ferreira. Mr. Dick Yeatman, head of Taylor Fladgate & Yeatman. Mr. R. Cobb, a director of Cockburn Smithes & Co.



Above: Some firms are finding that they must undertake more bottling (shipment is normally by cask) but generally only a little bottling is done and that in the most primitive way. Left: Children at one of the evening pressing parties at a Douro lagar



Left: Messrs. John, Michael and Ian Symington who control Dow's and Warre's. The two firms are entirely separate with different lodges and tasting rooms. Centre left: Trio from Grahams, Mr. Colin Graham, his father Mr. J. G. Graham, Mr. Leonard Flowers, their chief taster

AN INQUILINO* IN ESTORIL

William Sansom, whose latest novel, *The Last Hours of Sandra Lee*, will be published tomorrow, diverts on a “family” holiday on the Estoril coast of Portugal

PORTUGAL is noted for its azulejos, its beautiful glazed tiles, often blue and white. The beaches near Lisbon should equally be noted for the glazed eyes, often blue and white, sometimes beautiful, of English ladies watching the wealth of thoroughly uniformed nursemaids, housemaids, scullery-maids and cooks popping in and out of palm-decked villas or spawned with their laughing charges all over golden sands.

The maids chatter to and fro, striped and starched. The sun beats down. The visiting ladies, red as lobsters, murmur six-pounds-a-month, six-pounds-a-month. Sometimes they gasp, twelve-hours-a-day: and then their knuckles whiten, their fingers arch to talons. Get one quick! yells each last perspiring ounce of feminine intuition. But then sleepily the heads fall back, loose smiles slacken drugged lips, lids lower across the azulejo glaze: for just to look is enough. By-and-by we'll nab one. And if in some forgotten ventricle of a kind, progressive heart the thought should rise: “But who should work for such a wage, in this day and age?” the other ventricles, well knowing their age and what day it is, rise like laughing squids to eject the obscurant plasma: “But they look happy! They're smiling! I heard one of them *sing!*”

So the ladies enjoy a living dream, and scheme. And indeed, it is a pretty enough place otherwise. Twenty minutes or more out of Lisbon: say, at one of the four Estorils, or the older

fishing town of Cascais. The usual southern scene—sun, palms, a naevus of bougainvillea across one villa, another villa asleep among red geraniums tall as trees: outdoor cafés and cheap drinks, unusual food, usual food, coloured boats for catching fish, coloured cars that look like fish, an agave or two, bathing tents and sea-bicycles, and far out on the water someone younger and braver and browner whizzing about on skis.

Yet . . . it is not altogether the usual scene. There are particular reassurances for the English. Lo and behold, with beating pulse, the pillar boxes are red! And the telephone kiosks—again English! And what rounds that corner of a Lisbon suburb, among brown faces and impossible words, but a dear old double-decker, green and cream! Luton, not Lisbon! The Oldest Dictatorship in Europe is still our Oldest Ally, and few shall forget it.

The temperature of the sea, too, makes us feel at home. It is very cold. The Atlantic—neither the Gulf Stream nor Mediterranean torpor. Out from the water run the children, rosy and sobered. Up the hotel stairs runs Mother for her cardigan. And Papa can stride along the promenade. Yet it is hot and sunny, up in the eighties, like the very best of English days rinsed in the ocean's large air.

The escudo is well-minted of white alpaca and looks like a shilling: its value is threepence, four for the price of one so to feel, another heartening



Susan Einzig

lement. What it can buy, at 80 to the £1, is thrombosis. One realizes more and more, as the little ones stomp about in their enormous blue flippers, as the sea shines and the sun drips gold, as another glass of *vinho verde* (3d.) like champagne laced with Alka-Seltzer bubbles laves the parental tongue—that this is an ideal place for a holiday of the type called “family.” It is a calm, safe place. The Portuguese are a calm, mild-tempered people. No Spanish shouting, no *Yo Yo Yo*; nor any French *double entendre*. Worldliness of a kind is catered for—there are nightclubs, jazz, gamblings, bullfighting and all. But these are on a temperate scale. The erotic, the chic, the vicious, the vain, the delinquent can be counted on a few raised forefingers. It is an equable, gentle, tame, nice coast. The local escutcheon could be designed of innumerable charges rampant on a nanny couchant, with argent to spare.

But other things are excitant in their foreign way. There are the palms, fishermen (real) using painted bladders (real) to float their nets, virulent tiles battling with wild plumbago over villa façades, policemen under parasols (it is difficult to persuade a thirsty child that he does not also sell ice-cream), epauletted and moustached busts of old notorieties on rooftops, good big cool white churches outlined in soft grey stone, well-beaten octopus to eat, fair cigarettes at a bob a score, oxen-drawn wagons, herds of turkeys drooling through the streets like oxen and each turkey watching you side-

ways like a bald-headed clubman with erysipelas, a language wild with such as *bom* and *ão* and *nho* and *ai* yet sounding softly zeddy as Polish, men in broad black hats and women in widows’ weeds, a smell eloquent as frying bacon of wonderful fresh sardines roasted over charcoal, and much much else, and above all people carrying things on their heads.

We carry a classic picture in our minds of Southern European Woman, straight-backed, lissom-waisted, sandal-shod, with an elegant water-pitcher on her head. The picture is right, the pitcher not. Where there is main water, it is no longer necessary. But the habit persists, no Portuguese peasant has ever denied having two pairs of hands, the head is too handy, and there they put it, that, those, anything. You will see a fine strapping wench striding along the main motorway into town, arms swinging wide across her chest in the Russian military manner, and on her head an enormous suitcase. At Monte Estoril I saw a beach foodseller, costumed as usual in white with a nunny white head-dress, and on her head a white Ascot, and I do not mean a racing hat. Water-heaters are not everyday wear, it is their anything-ness I must stress. Thus, at Cascais there passed a well-dressed man on crutches with a plastic bag full of sardines on his head. And, more formal but no less exacting, there are fishwives who hat themselves with as many, on at least one count, as 17 fishbaskets piled high and vertiginous as a well-balanced pagoda of cards.

All this might bring out the milliner in any normal woman. But Mother is no longer normal, she is off with her mental shrimping-net after one of those six-pound-a-monthers. And the children are obfuscated in their little snorkels. And Papa—where is he? Wallowing in one of the warm, salt-water swimming pools? Drenched in a bottle of Alka-Champagne in a wonderful secret 18th-century hotel with a walled subtropical garden, a secret he now throws open to all, the Solar Dom Carlos at Cascais? Or perhaps he is counting, not money, but the equipment he must carry from bedside in his beachside hotel to the beach some 50 yards away, items thus: money, bathing suits, book, towels, woollies, travellers’ cheques and passport, reading glasses, sunglasses, reading-sunglasses, shrimping net, snorkels, flippers, smokes, guns, knives, cotton-wool for ears and —yes—teeth.

For, however good it is, and it is good here, it is always your dear old self you take with you. And the Portuguese, however considerate they are, and they are so, have a nice word for you. Legally, as a tenant, you are an *inquilino*. It is a polite, ordinary word with them. But with us? Inquiline = zoo. a benevolent parasite. ✱

HOW TO GET THERE: *London to Lisbon.* By air—£48 30-day return; £28 night return (summer season). By rail—1st class, £40 single; 2nd class, £20 single. By sea—Between £15 and £36 single.

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